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No. 427

Converting Mrs. Noshuns

BY

ELIZA MORGAN SWIFT

Girl Scout Commissioner of Colorado Springs
and a Vice-President of the National
Organization

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 28-30 West 38th Street, New York City
New and Explicit Descriptive Catalogue Mailed Free on Request

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GIRL SCOUT COMMISSIONER OF COLORADO SPRINGS
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NOTE.—*Converting MRS. NOSHUNS is a play which can be given much local color and interest by changing the names of people and places to those well known in the locality where it is presented. The names of the trails and streams apply well enough to any camping country and it will perhaps be simpler to retain them. But when the play is given in the East the ranches referred to in Acts I and II should be spoken of as farms. It also facilitates the production to use the real names of the Scouts who take part, except, of course, the four principal characters who carry the story —MRS. NOSHUNS, her two daughters, and MISS DE KAY. All the others have short lines and it saves much confusion in rehearsals if the girls' first names are used. Any group activities can be substituted for the drills and dances used in Act I if they give an attractive effect.*

CAST OF PROLOGUE

Scene in MRS. NOSHUNS' parlor on a Friday afternoon in July.

MRS. NOSHUNS.

SADIE NOSHUNS, MRS. NOSHUNS' thirteen-year-old daughter.

CLARA NOSHUNS, MRS. NOSHUNS' seven-year-old daughter.

A Girl Scout Director.

A Girl Scout.

CAST OF ACT I

Scene in a Girl Scout mountain camp, the following week at eight o'clock in the morning.

Camp Director.

Two Flag Raisers.

Scouts who receive the orders of the day for—Violet troop, Narcissus troop, Jonquil troop, Columbine troop, Forget-Me-not troop, Poppy troop, Flag troop, Goldenrod troop, Holly troop.

Fishing Girls, Wood Gatherers, Blanket Girls, Water Cress Gatherers, Merit Badge Scouts, Painters, Modellers, Cabinet Workers, Nature Students, Clerk, Gardeners.

Scouts taking part in—Folk Dance, Wand Drill, Military Drill.

Semaphore Scouts.

RAE and MARGARET.

CAST OF ACT II

Scene same as Act I, dropping of the curtain indicates the passing of one hour.

Four Stretcher Bearers.

Candidate for Golden Eaglet.

Her Patrol Leader.

Scout Commissioner.

Wild Rose Troop Glee Club.

Ukelele Orchestra.

PROLOGUE

MRS. NOSHUNS' parlor. MRS. N. is tying a large bow of ribbon on CLARA'S hair. She is a very much over-dressed person and her gown is too tight and too short. CLARA is a sweet little girl of seven, but uncomfortably clean and dressed up. A piano can be heard in another room on which someone is laboriously playing five-finger exercises.

MRS. N. There, Clara; that will do—and when you hear the bell you can run and let the ladies in. Just say it's the maid's day out.

CLARA. What maid, Mother?

MRS. N. Don't ask stupid questions, and do go tell Sadie that she needn't practice those dreadful exercises all afternoon; tell her to play "The Angel's Serenade," or some new piece like that. There, run along.

CLARA. (*Runs off, calling*) Sadie! Sadie!

SADIE. (*Running in. She is a nice clumsy girl, with very high-heeled fancy boots, very thin waist and much curled hair, quite out of keeping with her thirteen years.*) Mother, is it true that Miss De Kay is coming to-day about the Girl Scouts?

MRS. N. Miss De Kay is coming to see me, and it may be about the Girl Scouts.

SADIE. (*Delighted*) Are you going to let me join?

MRS. N. (*Severely*) Certainly not. I had to let Miss De Kay come, but I shall just tell her what nonsense I think it is.

SADDIE. (*Bitterly disappointed*) Oh, Mother!

MRS. N. (*With dignity*) Yes, Sadie, I think it's high time some one should put their foot down on these new-fangled ideas.

SADIE. But, Mother, Miss De Kay is a lady; a real lady. You couldn't be rude to her, could you?

MRS. N. (*Impatiently*) I guess I know who Miss De Kay is and how to treat her without your telling me. I can't imagine what's gotten into you lately, Sadie Noshuns; you're all the time setting yourself up to know more than your mother. But let me just tell you that I mean to bring you up as I think best, and I'll not have any interference from Miss De Kay or any one else.

SADIE. (*Almost crying*) Oh, you don't understand. Miss De Kay isn't a bit like that. She's perfectly sweet, and so are all the scouts.

MRS. N. (*Severely*) Sadie, stop that whining! And go back to your practicing; I won't have you arguing with me. (*Bell rings.*)

SADIE. (*Hastily wiping her eyes*) There's the bell. Can't I stay? I promise not to say a word.

MRS. N. (*Hurrying her off*) Certainly not! Go at once. Why, your dress isn't even clean.

SADIE. (*Sadly, half to herself*) Miss De Kay wouldn't mind. (*She goes to the door and stops.*) Oh, Mother, please think it over. (*MRS. N. makes an impatient gesture for her to hurry and she goes out.*)

MRS. N. (*Settles herself and picks up a book from the table and begins reading it upside down.*)

CLARA. (*Bringing in the ladies with a good deal of excitement*) There they are, Mamma.

MRS. N. (*Looks up inquiringly as though interrupted in the middle of a paragraph*) Ah! Yes?

(Then rising and in her best social manner) This is Miss De Kay, I suppose.

MISS DE K. (*An attractive young society girl very simply and smartly dressed comes forward and shakes hands*) How do you do, Mrs. Noshuns; it was very kind of you to see me. (*Turning to ALICE*) This is Alice Long, one of my Scouts, and a friend of Sadie's.

ALICE. (*An attractive girl of thirteen or fourteen in a very neat Girl Scout uniform, steps forward pleasantly to shake hands, but MRS. NOSHUNS looks disapprovingly at the uniform and merely nods.*)

MRS. N. How do you do?

ALICE. (*Quite taken aback at MRS. N.'s manner, says very shyly*) How do you do?

MISS DE K. (*Anxious to relieve her embarrassment*) We had hoped to find Sadie here.

MRS. N. Sadie is practicing, and I never allow anything to interfere with her music. (*Strains of the "Angel's Serenade" violently pounded out of a piano are heard accompanying the rest of the conversation.*)

MISS DE K. Oh, I'm sorry. (*Turning to ALICE*) Then I think perhaps you had better wait for me in the motor.

ALICE. Very well, Miss De Kay. (*She turns to go and little CLARA, who has been standing at one side watching ALICE admiringly ever since ushering the guests in, runs and takes her hand.*)

CLARA. Please, may I come with you?

ALICE. Yes, come along. (*They go out together.*)

MISS DE K. Is Sadie very fond of music?

MRS. N. Not very; but I keep after her about it. (*Then very affectedly*) I think a mother can't be too particular about these things. It means so much to a young girl to be proficient in the arts.

MISS DE K. (*A little puzzled*) Yes, indeed, Mrs.

Noshuns. (*Then more enthusiastically*) We try to keep that idea before the Scouts; you know, and any natural talent they have is encouraged. I suppose Sadie has told you how anxious we are to have her join.

MRS. N. Sadie has said something about it; but I haven't cared to discuss it with her.

MISS DE K. Oh, I hope you are not opposed to the idea?

MRS. N. (*With an attempt at graciousness*) I'm afraid I am, Miss De Kay. To tell the truth, I can't see what good Sadie could get out of it.

MISS DE K. (*Enthusiastically*) Oh, there's every kind of good, Mrs. Noshuns. The girls get so much help in every way. It encourages and teaches them to be really useful and industrious at home, and to do better work in school, and to be of real value in the community. (*Warming to her subject*) Why, there's hardly a phase of a girl's life that isn't broadened and strengthened by contact with the Girl Scout movement.

MRS. N. (*Unimpressed*) Really?

MISS DE K. Yes, indeed. You have no idea what it does for them. It helps them in every way, in mind and body, and character. And then think of the opportunity for a girl to be thrown with all those other girls, and to get their ideas and——

MRS. N. (*Interrupting*) That's my principal objection; I shouldn't care at all to have Sadie going with such a mixed crowd.

MISS DE K. (*Taken back*) But they are all nice girls, Mrs. Noshuns.

MRS. N. (*With great superiority*) It depends what you call nice, Miss De Kay. Why, only this morning the man who takes care of our furnace told me with great pride his daughter was a member.

MISS DE K. (*Smiling*) Really! What was his name?

MRS. N. Barber—James Barber.

MISS DE K. Oh, yes, of course; that must be Helen Barber's father. Why, she's a perfectly splendid girl, Mrs. Noshuns. She has earned enough money to support herself while she is in High School—and she helps her family in every possible way besides. Yes, indeed, she is one of our best scouts.

MRS. N. (*Getting quite excited*) I don't see how you young ladies can lend yourselves to such things. Why, you don't seem to pay any attention at all to who's who any more. You just associate with anybody.

MISS DE K. (*Gently and trying to make her understand*) But don't you think these things have been changed by the war? Everyone has new standards. Perhaps we don't pay so much attention to people just because they have money and social position as we used to—but we care a lot more about character, and ability, and whether people are making good in the worth-while things—the things that are really going to help in the world to-day.

MRS. N. I don't see what the Girl Scouts have to do with it.

MISS DE K. Why, everything. Here's a society that gives every girl in the United States the opportunity to show what she's worth, what she's good for. It doesn't matter what her opportunities have been, if she's got the right stuff in her, she's bound to prove it, and to have it recognized. And everything is done to help her and to develop the best that is in her. Why, it's the most perfectly democratic organization——

MRS. N. (*Interrupting impatiently*) That's just what I don't believe in, all this democratic business. I want my girls to grow up to be perfect ladies.

MISS DE K. But that is just what all the scouts try to be.

MRS. N. Well, it's not my idea of perfect ladies, running around with anybody's children and wearing uniforms, and doing mannish things out of doors—I'm sure I wouldn't have been the lady I am if I'd been brought up so.

MISS DE K. (*Disappointed*) I'm afraid you haven't quite understood the spirit of it.

MRS. N. (*With asperity*) I'm afraid I haven't, but I guess I'm not smart enough to catch on to all these new spirits I hear talked about. I used to hear a lot about the Spirit of the War, and now there's the Spirit of the Times and the Spirit of Democracy, and here you're talking about the Spirit of the Scouts. A lot of nonsense, I call it.

MISS DE K. Oh, please don't say that! I'm sure you don't mean it. Why, I often see you at the Co-operative work rooms.

MRS. N. That's quite a different matter. There's a lot of real swell women on the board, and I'm most particular who I sit next to.

MISS DE K. (*Trying not to smile*) Really, Mrs. Noshuns?

MRS. N. I certainly am. Oh, I see—(*name of some well-known local woman*)—going round talking to everybody, like they were real friends. But, of course, I know she'd much rather sit down to a nice visit with folks of her own sort like you and me.

MISS DE K. (*Laughing*) I'm not so sure of that. But please let me tell you a little more about the practical side of our Scout life. There's a great deal of physical benefit for the girls, you know—and next week we are all going to the Summer Camp—where the girls can have such a happy, healthy, useful vacation.

MRS. N. Oh, I believe in getting near to Nature.

I take the girls picnicking a lot in these warm months. But I don't want them roughing it, getting their hands all scratched up and paying no attention to their clothes or their complexions. What's the use of me paying out good money for a manicure and hair dresser for Sadie and then have her run wild in the woods? No, Miss De Kay; I'm afraid I look at these things very differently from what you do.

MISS DE K. (*Sadly*) I'm afraid you do—and I'm so sorry, for the girls are all so fond of Sadie and they will be very disappointed. (*She rises.*) And they tell me Sadie was very anxious to come to the Camp, I'm afraid she'll be disappointed, too.

MRS. N. (*With great dignity*) I hope Sadie will have sufficient respect for her mother's opinion not to want anything I don't want her to have.

MISS DE K. Indeed, I hope so. (*She holds out her hand.*) Good-bye, Mrs. Noshuns. If you ever change your mind, you will let me know, won't you?

MRS. N. (*Assuming her best social manner again*) Yes, indeed, Miss De Kay—and I do hope you will call again soon. I'm always at home on Thursdays.

MISS DE K. Thank you. Good-bye.

MRS. N. Good-bye. (*MISS DE KAY goes out.*)

SADIE. (*Rushing in*) Have they gone? (*Looks at her mother's face.*) Did you say "No," Mother?

MRS. N. I did.

SADIE. (*Throwing herself onto a chair and bursting into tears*) Oh, Mother, Mother! I don't see how you can be so cruel!

MRS. N. (*Stands looking at her*) Sadie, you are a very ungrateful girl.

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE I

Morning assembly in Camp. Before the curtain rises, all sing, "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue." Curtain rises and all stand at full salute while the two Flag Raisers raise the Flag. All give the oath of allegiance to it. Orders of the day follow, given by MISS DE KAY.

ORDERS OF THE DAY

MISS DE K. (*In uniform*) This afternoon, instead of the usual hour for sports, immediately following the rest hour, all scouts will assemble here. Miss —— (*the commissioner*) will come down to award the Golden Eaglet to Scout —— and to give out merit badges. Troops should assemble here at 4:30. All girls working for merit badges will wait for a few minutes after this meeting for their specific orders. Troops will report for morning exercise as follows: Jonquil troop will meet for military drill by the big oak in the hollow, immediately, and receive further orders for the day there.

Violet troop will report to Miss Duncan for assignment to the kitchen and mess-tent duties for the day.

Forget-Me-Not and Kinnikinnik troops report to Mrs. Nelson for their class in First-Aid at 9 o'clock, at Assembly tent.

Narcissus and Red Clover troops report to Miss Kissel at 9:30 for signalling at the top of Look Out Rock.

Poppy and Oak troops report here at 9:45 for practice of your wand drill.

Golden Rod troops will report here at 10:30 for gymnastic work.

Holly troop will report here at 11:15 for military drill. Margaret and Maco, take your rods and fish in the creek below Beaver Dam, but stay within the two-mile mark.

Luella and Dorothy will gather firewood for the camp. Take hatchets and be sure to bring in only dry wood. Margaret and Ruth, go above Beaver Dam and gather water-cress for luncheon.

Now for the Merit Badge Scouts. You four girls who are working for the Artist Merit Badge, bring your work here. (*Exit the four girls.*)

The scouts working for the Bird and Flower study merit, get glasses and cameras and report to me here for further information. (*Exit six girls.*)

Beatrice, you must go on with the reports for Miss ——— (*the commissioner*), which will almost complete your work for the Clerk Merit Badge. (*BEATRICE goes to work at typewriter.*)

Garden girls, please get your tools and report to Mrs. Wright for your morning's work. (*They exit.*)

(*Orders over, and stage clear, except for the working scouts. MISS DE'K. stops to speak with BEATRICE about her reports and then for a second steps over and criticizes the artists' work. Then with a hurried glance at her watch, she notes that it is time for the folk dancing and blows the whistle one long blast for them to come in.*)

(*The Garden Girls meander across the stage just before the whistle blows and after the whistle*

blast the Folk Dancers skip in, in a long chain (Folk dancing—the girls are dressed in middies and bloomers.

(Just as they are finishing MRS. NOSHUNS enters at the right•back entrance, and the second MISS DE KAY sees her she blows her whistle once and the scouts fall back in a semicircle, giving MISS DE KAY their best attention.

(MRS. NOSHUNS and her two girls move down towards the front. They are heavily laden with rugs, baskets, etc. They stop, surprised, as the troop falls back. MISS DE KAY advances towards her.)

MISS DE K. *(As she shakes hands)* Why, Mrs. Noshuns, this is a great surprise.

MRS. N. I'm just as much surprised as you are, Miss De Kay. I didn't know that you were camping here.

MISS DE K. We've been here for almost a fortnight—won't you and the girls stay and watch the drilling?

MRS. N. Oh, no, thank you; we are just going a little ways for a picnic. I left the motor at the ranch house back there. But I'm afraid I've gotten off the path. It's a long time since I've been up here. *(Rather crossly to SADIE)* I thought it was funny of Sadie to insist on coming so far to-day.

SADIE. I didn't know the camp was here; truly I didn't, Mother.

MRS. N. Well, you made a pretty good guess at it. Pick up that coat, Sadie; it's all on the ground.

MISS DE K. We can put you on the trail, if you want to go up the creek. *(Turns to the girls.)* Dorothy, you and Caroline and Katharine help Mrs. Noshuns with her things and show her the Beaver Dam trail. *(The three girls take MRS. N.'s bundles and wait back of her.)*

MRS. N. (*Who has been looking disapprovingly at the bloomers*) You don't want them to go away from camp like that, do you?

MISS DE K. (*Laughing*) Oh, these are the best kind of clothes for the mountains, Mrs. Noshuns. And they won't meet anyone.

MRS. N. (*Disapprovingly*) Come on, Sadie and Clara. (*Turning to MISS DE KAY*) I suppose there's no way back excepting through the camp.

MISS DE K. I'm afraid not, at least none that would be easy for you to find alone. But if you would like it better, I can send a scout out to show you a trail about a mile above here, when you are ready to go back. But it's pretty rough walking.

MRS. N. (*Looking at her thin boots*) No, never mind, thank you. I guess we can come back this way, if it's shorter. (*They start off, led by the three scouts.*)

MRS. N. (*Turning back just as she is leaving, to MISS DE K.*) There aren't any snakes there, are there?

MISS DE K. (*Who cannot resist the temptation to tease a little*) Not any really dangerous snakes, Mrs. Noshuns; you may see a few garters and black snakes, but they won't hurt you.

MRS. N. (*Shivering*) Ugh! How horrid! (*She hesitates, then goes out.*)

MISS DE K. (*To the troop*) Troop dismissed.

(*Just as these girls go off the stage, the girls carrying blankets come out of the tent. They carry their loads of blankets off the stage. Two blasts from the whistle and the girls with wands march in. They are led by their instructor and go through their drill. When dismissed they run off in all directions, some loiter along. As they go off six scouts with cameras and glasses and*

notebooks come in, part entering from the right and others from the back.)

MISS DE K. Girls, you can go as far west as the High road, and north to Dickerman's Ranch. Keep above the Dam and below the old bridge. Have you your compasses?

MARGARET. Yes, Miss De Kay, and we are taking sandwiches with us.

MISS DE KAY. Very well. Be back in time for the ceremony.

MARGARET. Yes, indeed. *(They run off left and MISS DE KAY blows three blasts for the Golden Rod Gymnastic dance. Enter back. This drill completed, the girls exit back. MISS DE KAY blows four blasts, and the commands for the military drill follow. Enter left to right. Exit right to left.)*

MRS. N. *(Just as the line is three-quarters off, enters right back, hatless and quite disheveled, calling)* Miss De Kay! Miss De Kay!

MISS DE K. *(Calls out)* Troops dismissed! *(Turns to MRS. N.)* What has happened?

MRS. N. Oh, I don't know; but I can't find the girls anywhere. They went down to the creek and I said I'd call them when lunch was ready. And I called and called and they didn't answer. I've climbed up and down that dreadful place, but they are not there, anywhere. This is all there was—*(holding out a book)*.

MISS DE K. *(Reading the title)* "The Romantic Adventures of Evelyn Bird." That doesn't tell us very much, does it?

MRS. N. It tells me enough. Sadie is always poring over a book instead of looking out for Clara, and that's probably just what's happened.

MISS DE K. Oh, I see, and Clara strayed away and Sadie has gone to find her—well, they can't have gotten very far.

MRS. N. (*About to cry*) Oh, I suppose not; but I'm afraid they have fallen into the creek, or met a wild beast, or—or something.

MISS DE K. Why, Mrs. Noshuns—there are no wild beasts near here, and the creek isn't deep enough for them to fall in. Now don't be upset. (MRS. N. *breaks down completely.*) We'll send out the girls and they'll find them in no time. They can't have had more than an hour's start.

MRS. N. (*Sitting down pathetically*) I leave everything in your hands.

MISS DE K. (*To Bugler*) Get your bugle and sound the assembly. Mary, see if you can reach any of the girls with the semaphore flags. Run over to the kitchen, Norma, and tell the cook the girls will want a bite to eat before they start and to serve anything she has ready, and look in at the dining tent and tell the girls they're to have a lot of bread and butter ready right away. (*The model girls leave their work and join the group. The bugle is heard outside. The signal girl, MARY, is at the back signalling to some one.*)

MARY. Oh, Miss De Kay, I've got Mary and Jo. They are over at the edge of the pine road.

MISS DE K. Tell them to come back down the creek and to look for Sadie and Clara.

(MARY *signals. The troops come hurrying in. As soon as they are assembled, MISS DE KAY addresses them.*)

MISS DE K. Girls, Sadie and Clara Noshuns have strayed off somewhere above Pine Tree Point, on the Beaver Dam trail. You will all want to search for them, I know.

GIRLS. Oh, yes, yes!

MISS DE K. Emma, tell Golden Rod troop to follow the line of the old timber road west.

Holly troop, you can go down the creek as far as the dam. Oak troop can go across the creek and take the first trail to White rock and then turn north toward the Harding ranch.

Girls, you all know your own section of the country. I want each troop to cover its own ground and search. (*To DOROTHY*) Dorothy, you know just where Mrs. Noshuns was picnicing. Take all the scouts there and let them start their search from there.

Rae and Margaret, I want you to stay in camp in case anything is needed here. Now, girls, off with you and stop at the mess-tent and get what you can eat before you start. (*The girls all go out.*)

RAE. (*To MISS DE KAY*) What shall we do?

MISS DE K. You can run over and tell cook that Mrs. Noshuns will have lunch with me, and since we are all alone, perhaps you girls will bring it to us here.

RAE. Oh, we'd love to. (*They run out.*)

MRS. N. Oh, I couldn't eat a thing.

MISS DE K. You must try, Mrs. Noshuns; you'll feel a lot better for it, and it may be several hours before the girls get back.

MRS. N. Several hours! Oh, what do you mean?

MISS DE K. Well, you see, Sadie and Clara may have been gone some time before you began to search for them, and my idea is that they have lost their way. And they are probably hurrying as fast as they can in the wrong direction.

MRS. N. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! My poor children! How can they ever be found?

MISS DE K. The scouts will catch up with them, never fear. They know every foot of this country, and they'll make good time. Only you mustn't be anxious if it takes a little while.

MRS. N. Oh, I hope you're right, but it just

shows how unfitted girls are for going about like this. I ought never to have brought Sadie and Clara so far from town.

RAE. (*Coming on stage*) Here is your lunch, Miss De Kay. (RAE and MARGARET *bring small table on stage and serve lunch.*)

MRS. N. Oh, I could not possibly eat anything.

MISS DE K. (*To MRS N.*) Do try. You really ought to.

MRS. N. (*Brightening up*) Well, I suppose I must keep up my strength for the sake of the children. I am not the least hungry, but I do feel faint. (*Starts fanning. Then MARGARET takes the fan and continues. MRS. N. eats greedily, protesting all the while.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE II

MRS. NOSHUNS *is alone at the front of the stage. She is stretched out in a big camp chair and in her hand holds a Girl Scout Manual. She is dozing, but awakens suddenly and looks around, afraid she has been seen. She begins to read. MARY and HILDA are at the back of stage collecting the pictures, modeling, etc. They come forward with the things in their hands.*

MARY. We were afraid you were asleep, Mrs. Noshuns, and we didn't want to disturb you.

MRS. N. How could I sleep, my dear, when I am so worried about Sadie and Clara—has nothing been heard yet?

MARY. Not yet, but Miss De Kay thinks they will surely be back in a little while now.

HILDA. She sent us to see if there was anything we could do for you?

MARY. She thought you might be interested to see the merit girls' work—we're just going to put it away.

MRS. N. I don't mind your showing it to me. Anything that will help me not to think.

(The girls bring the pictures, etc., and show her. They hold them so that they can be seen by the audience.)

MARY. These girls are all working for the artist badge, you know.

MRS. N. (*Interested, in spite of herself, looking at a picture*) Why, that's very good. You say one of the girls did that?

HILDA. And look at this modelling, isn't this splendid?

MISS DE K. (*Coming on stage*) What do you think of our artists, Mrs. Noshuns? Not so bad for young girls, is it?

MRS. N. I think they are very good indeed; of course, these girls have had lessons?

MISS DE K. Yes, they have all studied in school. All we can do is to try to encourage them to work at it, and to develop as much originality as possible—and, of course, the competition and the badges help to keep up their interest. (*To the girls*) You can put all these things to one side, girls, so that they will be ready when Miss Carrick comes. (*The girls go to back of stage and clear the easels, etc.*)

MRS. N. (*To MISS DE KAY*) What am I to do about the girls? It's getting very late, and I am so worried.

MISS DE K. I'm sure we'll hear from them any moment. Here come some of the scouts now.

(*The Bird and Wild Flower girls come in.*)

FIRST GIRL. Oh, Miss De Kay, what has happened?

MISS DE K. How do you mean, happened? What have you heard?

MRS. N. (*Excitedly*) Have the girls been found? Are they hurt? Oh, tell me. I can bear the worst.

FIRST GIRL. (*Bewildered*) I'm afraid I don't know much, but as we came along the trail above the little falls, we found these twigs. (*She carries a few twigs in her hand and kneels down and quickly*

arranges them on the ground.) You see here were three twigs, so, that means, "Don't follow this trail." And these, so, mean, "We have gone this way." And then here was the sign for "Trouble." But there seemed to be such a lot of girls out that we thought we had better come back to camp and report.

MISS DE K. Quite right. The girls are all out looking for Sadie and Clara Noshuns, but we hope they have found them surely by now. I suppose they left the signs so that any of the other patrols who came that way wouldn't cover the ground they had just been over. The "trouble" probably means that they hadn't found the girls yet, but that may have been some time ago. Did you girls have a successful morning?

SECOND GIRL. Oh, splendid, Miss De Kay. There were a lot of new birds in the pine woods. We saw six varieties we didn't have before.

THIRD GIRL. And just look at all the wild flowers we found. Here are—— *(She names flowers. She shows a handful of flowers.)*

(MARY has gone to the back of stage and is looking off with semaphore in her hand.)

MRS. N. How can you talk about birds and flowers when my girls are still lost?

FIRST GIRL. But, Mrs. Noshuns, they can't be really lost, you know, not right around here—they are just—just—misplaced.

SECOND GIRL. We all of us used to get lost that way when we first came to camp, and before we learned how to find our way about. Didn't we, Miss De Kay?

MRS. N. But Sadie and Clara know nothing about the trails, and suppose they weren't found before dark?

MARY. (*Who is signalling violently at back*)
They're found! They're found!

MRS. N. Where? Where?

MISS DE K. (*Watching MARY's flag and restraining MRS. NOSHUNS*) Wait a minute and Mary will tell us.

MARY. (*Stops signalling and is watching intently. She turns and interprets.*) They are both found and are on their way back. Clara fell among some rocks and is a little hurt and they are carrying her in. But it's nothing serious. Sadie is all right. (*She turns and waves an answer.*) They're only a little way off. They'll be here any moment.

MRS. N. Oh, my poor little Clara—I must go and meet her. Which way will they come? (*She looks around uncertainly.*)

MISS DE K. (*Restraining her*) I think you had better wait here, Mrs. Noshuns; there are two or three trails which they might take, and if Clara is even a little hurt it is better to let them bring her in as quickly as possible. (*To the girls*) Julia, you run over and tell cook to have some water boiling, and—(*To another*)—you—(*Name*)—go to my tent and bring me my First Aid kit. (*Girls run off.*)

MRS. N. Oh, Miss De Kay, you don't think she is really injured, do you?

MISS DE K. No, I am sure she isn't; only we may need a bandage or two. Don't be anxious, Mrs. Noshuns; you mustn't let yourself get all worked up.

MRS. N. (*Who has been walking excitedly about*) It's all very well for you to be so calm, Miss De Kay—you don't know what it is to be a mother.

MISS DE K. But I know what it is to have three hundred girls to look out for.

(*One of the girls, who has been looking off-stage, shouts, "Here they come!" They all step back*

as a group of girls come in carrying a stretcher. It is a sort of triumphal entry, for though CLARA'S head is bandaged she is sitting up and looking very cheerful.)

MRS. N. (*Rushes over to CLARA, and the stretcher bearers stand still*) Oh, my poor little Clara—what has happened?

CLARA. Nothing much, Mamma, dear—only I hurt my foot a little, and I've had a fine ride back.

MRS. N. And your head? What have you done to your head?

FIRST BEARER. It's only a little cut, Mrs. Noshuns, but we thought it safer to cover it.

CLARA. (*Putting her hand up to her head*) Oh, yes; I forgot about this—don't I look like a wounded soldier, Mamma?

(More and more girls have come on stage. Miss DE KAY has been examining CLARA'S ankle.)

MISS DE K. It's hardly more than a strain; but I think that it would be just as well to bandage it so she can walk on it safely.

TWO OR THREE GIRLS. Oh, please, may I?

(Miss DE KAY chooses one among them and the ankle is quickly bound up. All watch interestedly.)

MRS. N. But no one has told me yet how it happened. (*Looking around.*) And where is Sadie?

ONE GIRL. Oh, she'll be here pretty soon, but she's all tired out; she was carrying Clara, you see, and walking in those dreadful shoes.

ANOTHER GIRL. Sadie was perfectly fine; she'd make a dandy Scout.

MISS DE K. But tell us what happened?

FIRST GIRL. Well, you see, Clara wandered off while Sadie was reading and she came to the fork in the brook, you know, and she followed the fork, and when it got sluggish—you remember that place?—she got all mixed up and couldn't tell which way she had come.

ANOTHER GIRL. Of course, if she'd thrown a stick in she could have told which way it was running.

FIRST GIRL. Well, she didn't, and she got frightened and began to run, and fell among the rocks.

ANOTHER. And Sadie followed the main brook at first, and went a long ways, and finally came back and found Clara and tried to carry her home. And we followed Sadie's trail, and that's what took us so long, for she waded the brook and came down on the other side, and it put us off the track. But here's Sadie now.

(A group of girls come in; they are carrying the picnic basket, wraps, etc., and SADIE is limping in the middle with her fancy shoes all cut and her dress torn.)

SADIE. *(Running over to MRS. NOSHUNS)* Oh, Mother, I'm so sorry! It was all my fault. *(Turning to CLARA and almost crying.)* Is she much hurt?

CLARA. I'm all right, Sadie; don't cry.

GIRLS WITH SADIE. *(To MRS. NOSHUNS)* Sadie tried to carry Clara in on her back, and she must have gone a mile or so before we found her.

MRS. N. I'm not going to scold you, Sadie; I think you have had punishment enough; but I have been dreadfully anxious.

SADIE. I'm so sorry—I'll never let Clara wander off again.

MISS DE K. I'm sure you mean that, Sadie. And now I think some of you girls had better take Sadie

and Clara to have something to eat while the others make ready for the ceremony. Miss Carrick may be here any moment. (*To MRS. NOSHUNS*) Perhaps you would like to go with the girls and then I hope you will stay and see the ceremony.

MRS. N. (*Hesitating*) Why, I thank you very much, but——

CLARA. Oh, please, Mamma, let us stay. (*SADIE comes up and puts her arm around her mother.*)

MRS. N. Why! Thank you—yes, we'd like to, very much.

ALL THE GIRLS. Good! Good! (*They go off.*)

(*Two of the big girls make a chair with their hands and carry CLARA off between them.*)

(*MISS DE KAY and some of the girls remain and quickly arrange the stage for investiture. The light grows a little dimmer.*)

ONE GIRL. (*Coming in*) Miss Carrick has come.
MISS DE K. Then sound the assembly.

(*The Bugler sounds the call. All girls come back and MRS. NOSHUNS, SADIE and CLARA come in and take their places on one side. When they are all in place, MISS CARRICK comes in.*)

(*MISS CARRICK greets the girls and then proceeds with the Golden Eaglet ceremony and the awarding of the Merit Badges. When the ceremony is over, MRS. NOSHUNS comes forward.*)

MRS. N. I know you'll think I've changed my mind very quickly after all I said to you last week, Miss De Kay. But to-day has been a real eye-opener to me, so if you'll take Sadie and make a scout of her, I'll be most grateful and—and proud.

MISS DE K. Oh, Mrs. Noshuns; do you really

mean it? This is splendid of you. Oh, I'm so glad!

MRS. N. (*Still very earnestly*) Oh, it isn't any credit to me, Miss De Kay. A blind man could see the difference between your scouts and my girls to-day, and I realize what they get here is something I couldn't give them at home no matter how hard I tried. Well, I must go, but I'll never forget your kindness and—(*With a little break in her voice*)—after last week, too.

GIRLS. Three cheers for Mrs. Noshuns. (*They cheer.*)

MRS. N. You know, I'm most scared to drive the car home. I'm all of a tremble.

MISS DE KAY. I'm sure we have some one who could take you down. (*To the girls*) Girls, which of you can drive a Ford? (*All the girls step forward eagerly.*)

MISS DE K. (*Laughing*) What! All of you? (*To RUTH*) Well, Ruth, I'm sure I can trust you. Will you take Mrs. Noshuns home?

RUTH. I'd be very glad to.

MRS. N. It will be awfully kind of you—— (*Hesitates, looking at SADIE*) Sadie, I wish you could stay on now.

GIRLS. Oh, do let her—please.

SADIE. (*Trying to do her duty*) Don't you think you'll need me to help with Clara, Mother?

MRS. N. Oh, I can manage Clara, and I could send you up some other clothes this evening.

MISS DE K. We would be very glad to have Sadie stay if you feel you could spare her, Mrs. Noshuns.

MRS. N. Thank you so much—I'll be glad to have her. (*To SADIE*) And, Sadie, I hope you'll learn to be a real Girl Scout.

SADIE. Oh, Mother, I'll try!

FIRST GIRL. Come on, Sadie; I know I have a uniform that will fit you.

MRS. N. Good-bye, then!

(Two girls pick up CLARA and run off the stage with her, and MRS. NOSHUNS follows. Some of the girls carry her wraps and baskets. A number of girls come in carrying wood for the camp fire. They build the fire.)

MISS CARRICK. Come, girls! Sit around the fire.
I want to hear how the new songs are going.

(They quickly get their instruments and sit about the fire. As they sing the lights grow dim until the stage is quite dark except for the glow from the fire. Between the songs SADIE and the other girls come back. SADIE is in middie blouse and bloomers.)

GIRLS. Oh, here you are, Sadie! *(They make a place for her. Song.)*

CURTAIN

DOROTHY'S NEIGHBORS.

A brand new comedy in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," and many other successful plays. 4 males, 7 females. The scenes are extremely easy to arrange; two plain interiors and one exterior, a garden, or, if necessary, the two interiors will answer. Costumes modern. Plays 2½ hours.

The story is about vocational training, a subject now widely discussed; also, the distribution of large wealth.

Back of the comedy situation and snappy dialogue there is good logic and a sound moral in this pretty play, which is worthy the attention of the experienced amateur. It is a clean, wholesome play, particularly suited to high school production. Price, 30 Cents.

MISS SOMEBODY ELSE.

A modern play in four acts by Marion Short, author of "The Touchdown," etc. 6 males, 10 females. Two interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This delightful comedy has gripping dramatic moments, unusual character types, a striking and original plot and is essentially modern in theme and treatment. The story concerns the adventures of Constance Darcy, a multi-millionaire's young daughter. Constance embarks on a trip to find a young man who had been in her father's employ and had stolen a large sum of money. She almost succeeds, when suddenly all traces of the young man are lost. At this point she meets some old friends who are living in almost want and, in order to assist them through motives benevolent, she determines to sink her own aristocratic personality in that of a refined but humble little Irish waitress with the family that are in want. She not only carries her scheme to success in assisting the family, but finds romance and much tense and lively adventure during the period of her incognito, aside from capturing the young man who had defrauded her father. The story is full of bright comedy lines and dramatic situations and is highly recommended for amateur production. This is one of the best comedies we have ever offered with a large number of female characters. The dialogue is bright and the play is full of action from start to finish; not a dull moment in it. This is a great comedy for high schools and colleges, and the wholesome story will please the parents and teachers. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 30 Cents.

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

An exceptionally pretty comedy of Puritan New England, in three acts, by Amita B. Fairgrieve and Helena Miller. 9 male, 5 female characters.

This is the Lend A Hand Smith College prize play. It is an admirable play for amateurs, is rich in character portrayal of varied types and is not too difficult while thoroughly pleasing.

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BILLETED.

A comedy in 3 acts, by F. Tennison Jesse and H. Harwood. 4 males, 5 females. One easy interior scene. A charming comedy, constructed with uncommon skill, and abounds with clever lines. Margaret Anglin's big success. Amateurs will find this comedy easy to produce and popular with all audiences. Price, 60 Cents.

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH.

A comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Costumes, modern. Two interior scenes. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing But the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his business partners, and the trouble he got into—with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—this is the subject of William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing But the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies that this country can boast. Price, 60 Cents.

IN WALKED JIMMY.

A comedy in 4 acts, by Minnie Z. Jaffa. 10 males, 2 females (although any number of males and females may be used as clerks, etc.). Two interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. The thing into which Jimmy walked was a broken-down shoe factory, when the clerks had all been fired, and when the proprietor was in serious contemplation of suicide.

Jimmy, nothing else but plain Jimmy, would have been a mysterious figure had it not been for his matter-of-fact manner, his smile and his everlasting humanness. He put the shoe business on its feet, won the heart of the girl clerk, saved her erring brother from jail, escaped that place as a permanent boarding house himself, and foiled the villain.

Clean, wholesome comedy with just a touch of human nature, just a dash of excitement and more than a little bit of true philosophy make "In Walked Jimmy" one of the most delightful of plays. Jimmy is full of the religion of life, the religion of happiness and the religion of helpfulness, and he so permeates the atmosphere with his "religion" that everyone is happy. The spirit of optimism, good cheer, and hearty laughter dominates the play. There is not a dull moment in any of the four acts. We strongly recommend it.

Price, 60 Cents.

MARTHA BY-THE-DAY.

An optimistic comedy in three acts, by Julie M. Lippmann, author of the "Martha" stories. 5 males, 5 females. Three interior scenes. Costumes modern. Plays $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

It is altogether a gentle thing, this play. It is full of quaint humor, old-fashioned, homely sentiment, the kind that people who see the play will recall and chuckle over to-morrow and the next day.

Miss Lippmann has herself adapted her very successful book for stage service, and in doing this has selected from her novel the most telling incidents, infectious comedy and homely sentiment for the play, and the result is thoroughly delightful. Price, 60 Cents.

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The Touch-Down

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short. 8 males, 6 females, any number of characters can be introduced in the ensembles. Costumes modern. One interior scene throughout the play. Time, 2½ hours.

This play, written for the use of clever amateurs, is the story of life in Siddell, a Pennsylvania co-educational college. It deals with the vicissitudes and final triumph of the Siddell Football Eleven, and the humorous and dramatic incidents connected therewith.

"The Touch-Down" has the true varsity atmosphere, college songs are sung, and the piece is lively and entertaining throughout. High schools will make no mistake in producing this play. We strongly recommend it as a high-class and well-written comedy.

Price, 30 Cents.

Hurry, Hurry, Hurry

A comedy in three acts, by LeRoy Arnold. 5 males, 4 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

The story is based on the will of an eccentric aunt. It stipulates that her pretty niece must be affianced before she is twenty-one, and married to her fiancé within a year, if she is to get her spinster relative's million. Father has nice notions of honor and fails to tell daughter about the will, so that she may make her choice untrammelled by any other consideration than that of true love. The action all takes place in the evening the midnight of which will see her reach twenty-one. Time is therefore short, and it is hurry, hurry, hurry, if she is to become engaged and thus save her father from impending bankruptcy.

The situations are intrinsically funny and the dialogue is sprightly. The characters are natural and unaffected and the action moves with a snap such as should be expected from its title.

Price, 30 Cents.

The Varsity Coach

A three-act play of college life, by Marion Short, specially adapted to performance by amateurs or high school students. 5 males 6 females, but any number of boys and girls may be introduced in the action of the play. Two settings necessary, a college boy's room and the university campus. Time, about 2 hours.

Like many another college boy, "Bob" Selby, an all-round popular college man, becomes possessed of the idea that athletic prowess is more to be desired than scholarship. He is surprised in the midst of a "spread" in his room in Regatta week by a visit from his aunt who is putting him through college. Aunt Serena, "a lady of the old school and the dearest little woman in the whole world," has hastened to make this visit to her adored nephew under the mistaken impression that he is about to receive the Fellowes prize for scholarship. Her grief and chagrin when she learns that instead of the prize Robert has received "a pink card," which is equivalent to suspension for poor scholarship, gives a touch of pathos to an otherwise jolly comedy of college life. How the repentant Robert more than redeems himself, carries off honors at the last, and in the end wins Ruth, the faithful little sweetheart of the "Prom" and the classroom, makes a story of dramatic interest and brings out very clearly certain phases of modern college life. There are several opportunities for the introduction of college songs and "stunts."

Price, 30 Cents.

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The Return of the Jinks

A comedy in four acts, by Marion Short, author of "The Varsity Coach," "The Touch-Down," etc. 6 males, 8 females. Costumes modern. One interior scene.

This comedy is founded upon and elaborated from a farce comedy in two acts written by J. H. Horta, and originally produced at Tuft's College.

Hiram Poynter Jinks, a Junior in Hoosic College (Willie Collier type), and a young moving picture actress (Mary Pickford type), are the leading characters in this lively, modern farce.

Thomas Hodge, a Senior, envious of the popularity of Jinks, wishes to think up a scheme to throw ridicule upon him during a visit of the Hoosic Glee Club to Jinks's home town. Jinks has obligingly acted as a one-day substitute in a moving picture play, in which there is a fire scene, and this gives Hodge his cue. He sends what seems to be a bona fide account of Jink's heroism at a Hoosic fire to Jink's home paper. Instead of repudiating his laurels as expected, Jinks decides to take a flyer in fame, confirms the fake story, confesses to being a hero and is adored by all the girls, to the chagrin and discomfiture of Hodge. Of course, the truth comes out at last, but Jinks is not hurt thereby, and his romance with Mimi Mayflower comes to a successful termination.

This is a great comedy for amateurs. It is full of funny situations and is sure to please. Price, 30 Cents.

June

A most successful comedy-drama in four acts, by Marie Doran, author of "The New Co-Ed," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Dorothy's Neighbors," etc. 4 males, 8 females. One interior scene. Costumes modern. Plays 2¼ hours.

This play has a very interesting group of young people. June is an appealing little figure, an orphan living with her aunt. There are a number of delightful, life-like characters: the sorely tried likeable Mrs. Hopkins, the amusing, haughty Miss Banks of the glove department, the lively Tilly and Milly, who work in the store, and ambitious Snoozer; Mrs. Hopkins's only son, who aspires to be President of the United States, but finds his real sphere is running the local trolley car. The play is simplicity itself in the telling of an every-day story, and the scenic requirements call for only one set, a room in the boarding house of Mrs. Hopkins, while an opportunity is afforded to introduce any number of extra characters. Musical numbers may be introduced, if desired. Price, 30 Cents.

Tempest and Sunshine

A comedy drama in four acts, by Marie Doran. 5 males and 3 females. One exterior and three interior scenes. Plays about 2 hours.

Every school girl has revelled in the sweet simplicity and gentleness of the characters interwoven in the charms that Mary J. Holmes commands in her story of "Tempest and Sunshine." We can strongly recommend this play as one of the best plays for high school production published in recent years. Price, 30 Cents.

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